

T R I F L E S.



T R I F L E S:

B Y

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Vive la Bagatelle.

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M D C C L X X I I.

T H E

Life of the Author,

By the Editor.

IT has been well observed, that Biography is, of all kinds of composition, not only the most entertaining, but also the most instructive. But to neither of these titles can it have the most distant pretension, unless to the selection of a proper subject be also added propriety of execution. That the Life, which I now offer to the Public, is possessed of the first of these requisites, I have not the smallest doubt; but with regard to the second, it best becomes me to say but

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little,

little, and to leave the performance to speak entirely for itself.

As Biographers are generally also *Thanatographers*, it may perhaps be thought singular that I should so far deviate from the beaten path, as to publish the life of a person, which person (long may it be the case) is still in life; but for this singularity I must be still more singular, by offering as an excuse another singularity, I mean that of the Life itself, which will (I apprehend) be found (unless I am very far mistaken) to abound with events (as I imagine) not to be paralleled in any Life, (I will be bold to add) either ancient or modern. I have still another reason for writing this Life. Biography, as I above hinted in the first sentence, to which I refer, has been always my great favourite; much pain and much disgust has it therefore often given me to behold this favourite so ill used, so maltreated by those into whose hands she has sometimes had the misfortune to fall; hands, which, when they

they were, as they themselves vainly imagined, adorning her neck, her arms and bosom, with strings of gems and orient pearl, were, alas! in my eyes, and in my poor opinion, rendering her hateful to herself, and nauseous to others, with a necklace of lambstones, bracelets of hogs-puddings, and a tucker of sheep's-guts. To have seen her in this plight, one would have thought that her dressing-room had been a butcher's stall, and her tire-woman a native of the Cape. Come then, bright maid, stretch forth to me those alabaster arms, those hog's-puddings will I tear off, and in their place clasp round them amethysts of the East; stretch out also that ivory neck, while I divest it of those shameful stones, to which shall succeed the brightest of Golconda. Lastly, trust to my chaste, my unstraying hands, that roseate bosom, the sheep-gut shall quickly disappear, and in a trice shall cat-gut veil its rising beauties.——The precedent observations apply to Biography in general; but
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the manner in which the Lives of Authors are commonly written, is what in particular has given me the greatest disgust. Of all the different subjects for Biography, these have always been, in my opinion, by very far the most valuable. The reason of this is evident. Through the lives of most other men, such as warriors, travellers, and statesmen, runs a certain sameness, at once tiresome and uninteresting; while those of Authors are generally chequered with a variety of incidents equally interesting and uncommon. But alas! how improperly are these incidents for the most part selected, and in what a slovenly manner are they almost always related! To rescue therefore from contempt this most inestimable species of Biography, was my principal intention in writing this Life, which I offer to the Public with the utmost diffidence, though I am, at the same time, pretty certain that that Public will not only be instructed, but also entertained, pleased and astonished,

with

with its perusal. In short, I flatter myself that this will be a model for writing the Lives of Authors. Modesty forbids me to say more; candour would not permit me to say less.

The father of our Author was a man, his mother was a woman. Upon the 26th day of November, N. S. in the year of our Lord 1730, at 25 minutes and 15 seconds past three in the morning, did his head make its first obtrusion; and at four o'clock of the same morning was he completely extruded, or born. He was named *Vortigern*, as his father and grandfather had been before him. With regard to the family name, which is Crancocc, I had always imagined that, like many others of our ancient names, it was merely local, and derived from Crancock in Devonshire, near which place this family has had its seat for time immemorial: but happening lately to converse with a very learned antiquarian, I found that this notion was quite erroneous, for I was by him soon convinced that

that the family had given the name to the place, and not the place to the family; the name being, as he observed, most undoubtedly derived from two Saxon words, viz. *Cran*, a *Crane*; and *Cock*, a *Cock*. With the truth of this most ingenious derivation I was immediately struck, as I well knew that our Author's ancestors have always been remarkable for having long necks, and being early risers. In the first of these respects our Author is also a true Crancocc, though in the last he is, I must own, somewhat degenerated. But above all, do the en-signs armorial of the family set this matter in the clearest light; these are upon a field argent, a *Crane proper*, and a *Cock gules*.

An accident of a most incredible nature beset him in the third year of his age. As he was one day diverting himself in his father's study, he laid hold of a bottle of red* ink, which, by way of a frolick, he clapped to his mouth, and

* It was one of his father's whims always to use red ink.

and drank off every drop of the ink ; there might be about half a pint of it. His parents were in the utmost distress ; they expected, if not death, at least a cholic ; but, to the astonishment of every body, the ink sat quite easy upon his stomach, and gave him not the smallest disturbance ; the only effect which it seemed to have was, that his urine was all next day remarkably high coloured.

As he grew older, he grew taller ; and as he grew taller, he grew thicker in every part, except his skull. He had attained nearly his seventh year, when I happened to be upon a Christmas visit at his father's. He was now at school ; the schoolmaster was a blockhead ; he had ordered the boys, and among the rest our Author, to produce, at the end of the holidays, some English verses of their own composition. All the boys, as is usual, applied to some of their acquaintances, who either composed for them, or gave them extracts from books. They accordingly delivered to the pedagogue
their

their rhymes, upon all of which he bestowed the highest encomiums, calling one boy his Pope, another his Dryden, and a third his Milton; but no sooner did he cast his eyes upon our Author's performance, than they sparkled with rage: he reads, with quivering lip, and glowing cheek, "*Who made this stuff for you, sirrah?*" "O, dear Sir, indeed I did not think you would have been angry," said the poor little fellow; "indeed, and in truth, Sir, I made them myself, indeed I did, Sir; I thought Christmas a merry time, and that our verses should be merry verses." The tyrant seized him by the neck, and having whipped him most barbarously, pinned the verses upon his breast, and ordered him to stand in the middle of the floor; but he spying his opportunity, slipped out, and came running home quite out of breath, and told his story to his father and me. The paper was still upon his breast; I unpinned it, and read the verses, which made us laugh very heartily. They
are

are surely astonishing verses, when one considers that they were in fact composed by a child not quite seven years of age; but let the reader judge for himself, for here they are:

*A Louse and a Flea
On a time did agree,
That they a race would run,
And for the better fun,
The course of this same race
It was a Taylor's face,
At his brow to begin,
And to end at his chin;
But running o'er his nose,
They so tickled with their toes,
They made the Taylor start,
Some say he let a fart:
This Taylor he was nimble,
As ever wore a thimble;
So quick his hand came souse
Upon this racing louse,
That down he tumbled crack
Just flat upon his back:*

Next

*Next the Flea made him sneeze,
Whom as quick he did seize,
And on his needle stuck,
Such was this flea's ill-luck;
He roasts him in a trice,
As he us'd to do his lice,
And eats him to his supper
With some bread and butter.*

These lines are certainly beneath all criticism, or rather indeed above it, if we consider the age of the writer. However, I cannot help observing that, excepting the last, all the other rhymes are most incomparably correct. I look upon this little poem in much the same light as I would upon the first rude draughts of a Teniers or a Hogarth.

Our Author wanted just two months to complete his sixteenth year, when I went with him upon a tour through some of the finest counties of England. Among other places we visited Stowe*, in Buckinghamshire.

* Stowe is undoubtedly a fine place, though I think that there are in England many finer, of which one does

inghamshire. Here he seemed to behold with great pleasure and attention the paintings upon the walls of the temple of Venus: on one side is represented *Before*, and on the other side *After*. Having sufficiently satisfied our curiosity, we returned to our inn, where he soon fell to work, with a black lead pencil, upon the wall of the room; it was a white plaster wall. I pretended to take no notice of him; and slipping out, staid for some time: upon my return, I found the following lines upon the wall:

does not hear so much. Nature, instead of being assisted by Art, is here quite overpowered by it. There are vastly too many temples; the very proprietor is a *Temple*, but whether of faction or of public-spirit, I really cannot pretend to say, as we could not see its inside, this being the only one in the gardens of which our conductor † had not the key.

† A Scotch gardener now in L——d C——ve's service.

Verfes

Verses upon seeing the Paintings in the
Temple of Venus at Stowe.

So warmly, painter, hast thou here exprest
The transports glowing in a Satyr's breast,
The lightnings flashing from his ardent eyes,
When Venus' naked beauties swelling rise,
That soon I felt the magic of thy art
Run sweetly thrilling thro' my throbbing heart.
Sure Venus' self arose upon thy view
While laughing Loves aside her vestments drew:
Sure her sweet Boy with leering roguish face
Thy colours mix'd, and gave thy pencil grace.
Such were the charms, which erst in frolic mood
She quick display'd, when she on Ida stood.
I turn'd me round, but here how poor thy art!
For still Desire rag'd strong thro' ev'ry part:
Thy Satyrs weary seem'd indeed to snore,
But Venus, smiling, seem'd to ask for more;
Her cheeks warm flush'd, voluptuously reclin'd,
While well her eyes with languor spoke her
mind.
What bliss for me! had she but heard my pray'r;
But modern lovers are not now her care,
Else she who bless'd Pygmalion with a wife,
Had giv'n to Canvas as to Marble life.

These

These verses, it will be said, are as puerile as the former ones were infantine. I shall but just observe, that nothing can be more natural, as the first were composed by an Infant, and the others by a Boy. My only reason for inserting them was to mark the progress of our Author's genius.—He is now a Man, and settled in the country. His breakfast consists of one large dish of *Chinese* tea, with a good deal of milk *; four slices of toasted bread, with a very little butter, and one egg. At dinner he eats beef or mutton, nay sometimes even lamb, veal and pork. He drinks no malt liquor, takes two glasses of wine† in the time of dinner, a large glass of water after it, and after that again, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five,

* He never uses cream;

† Commonly port wine, that is, red port wine.

five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, or thirty glasses of wine, according as his company is sober or jovial. I had almost forgot to mention, that he eats salt with his victuals, and is very fond of mustard; I have actually seen him eat mustard with the wing of a young cock.—His supper is a very moderate one, for he never takes more than two eggs* boiled in the shell just three minutes and a half: His eggs he manages in the following manner: he strips them completely of their shells, which, through long practice, he does with great success, having not broken the white of a single egg for several years, which is very wonderful, if you consider that the eggs are soft; for try when you please, you will find that three minutes and a half will not boil an egg hard. But to return; his eggs are no sooner stripped, than he puts one of them into a spoon,† cuts it into two equal pieces, pours

* Hen eggs.

† Almost always with a knife.

pours vinegar, shakes pepper, and sprinkles salt upon it, and then swallows it. As it is needless to trouble the reader with too minute a detail, it will, I hope, be thought sufficient to observe, that he manages his second egg precisely in the very same manner which I have just described. Only this I must say, that when an egg happens to be remarkably small*, I have known him swallow it entire.——When in health, he eats exactly in one year one thousand and ninety-five eggs, excepting Leap-year, when they amount to one thousand and ninety-six: and upon the truth of this calculation the reader may depend, as our Author never eats any thing into which eggs are commonly put, such as puddings, custards, or pigeon-pies. He is very fond of crust; but as I would not willingly mislead the reader, especially in a point of this nature, I beg that

* Of this kind are eggs excluded by a hen only one year old.

that it may be observed, that I mean not the entire crust, for he never fails carefully to scrape away the outer part of it with his knife. When, therefore, I said that he was fond of crust, this must be understood of the inner crust, after being scraped. Another thing too it is absolutely necessary to observe, which is, that neither is this to be extended to crusts in general, but to be confined only to the crust of loaf-bread made of wheat flour. Had not this been attended to, possibly the reader might have imagined that our Author was fond of pie-crust, than which nothing is more false, for he detests pie-crust, and never touches it. But as every loaf hath two crusts, an upper crust, and an under crust, I think it incumbent upon me, as a faithful and accurate biographer, to leave nothing to the uncertainty of conjecture. Posterity might very probably have been divided upon this very point, viz. whether our Author preferred the upper to the under crust, or the under crust to the upper ;
 nay,

may, some might have pretended to maintain, that he was equally fond of both crusts, had it not luckily occurred to me to assure the world, that I never saw him, either at breakfast, dinner, or supper, touch the under crust when he could get the upper one. He has a great aversion to a dirty mustard-pot, to a wine-glass marked with the servant's finger and thumb, and to riding in a high wind : he has often assured me, that he would much rather ride in rain than in wind. This brings to my remembrance a most curious and uncommon accident which one day happened to him. Having walked into the fields after breakfast, he suddenly returned, called for his boots, ordered Nancy * to be saddled, and, without telling any person his intentions, mounted, and rode directly to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where he dined, and returned home that same evening, though the house where he dined was full

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† His Mare.

three miles from his own, and it was then the middle of the month of June.— He contracts a very singular affection for his shoes and his hats, after he has worn them a considerable time; and it is with the utmost reluctance that he leaves off wearing them: but when, by the persuasion of his friends, he has been at last prevailed upon to lay them aside, he carefully deposits them in a room which is full of shelves, upon which are ranged in order all the hats and shoes he ever had. This room he calls his Hospital of Invalids, and visits it every day, and with a fox's tail brushes away the dust from his old friends. This peculiarity is entirely confined to his hats and shoes, for he will sometimes give to his servant a suit of cloaths when almost new.

At the bottom of the field before his house, there is a very high hedge, planted by his grandfather, which runs from north to south. One of his chief pleasures is to walk alone at the side of this hedge, repeating aloud some of his own verses.

verses. During these walks, he has been often overheard by the country people, to their no small astonishment, as he speaks with great vehemence, and in a style which they do not at all comprehend. If therefore you enquire at them about his character, they will tell you he is a very good sort of a man; but, with a significant look, will at the same time point to their foreheads with their forefingers.

He detests London; but, in spite of this, I generally prevail with him to pay me a town-visit every winter. Three years ago he arrived at my house in Pall-Mall upon the twentieth day of January, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. One of my servants at that time was a young lad about nineteen years of age, whom I had sent for from the country: he had but just arrived, and had never before been in any town which consisted of more than ten houses: he was a tall stout fellow. After dinner, our Author having ordered his servant to bring this
lad

lad up to his chamber, he told him, that if he would promise to do what he should bid him, he would give him a guinea. The lad grinned, scratched his head, and made the promise. He then ordered his servant to equip the lad with a shirt with lace ruffles, silk stockings, and his best suit of white and silver. The hair-dresser being now arrived, our Author desired him to dress that *Gentleman* in the very tip of the mode. The poor Friseur stared, felt the fellow's hair, which very much resembled brass wire, both in colour and substance. "Monsieur have de hair very good and strong, but most *terribly* out of order." The hair-dressing, however, being at last finished, after many wry faces upon the part of the Friseur, and as many upon that of the poor fellow under his hands, our gentleman was next furnished with a sword; and a coach having been called, away went our Author and his new friend to Drury-lane play-house. I happened to meet them at the bottom of the stairs.

Never

Never in my whole life do I remember to have been so much astonished. It is quite needless for me to attempt to give the reader the most distant idea of *Peter's* figure; the manner in which he moved and looked were far beyond description, at least my powers of it. But that this very extraordinary and unaccountable figure was my man *Peter*, at that time never entered into my head. Our Author very gravely wished me good night, saying, "My friend and I are going to the play; possibly I may bring him to sup with you;" and away they marched. Hitherto had my astonishment kept me gaping and speechless; but no sooner was the street-door shut, than I burst out into a most immoderate fit of laughter. "Well, friend of mine, (said I) thou hast, I know, some very exotic acquaintances; but of all I have as yet seen, this surely is the most exotick. I stepped into the parlour, and took up a book, but could not get my friend's friend out of my head. I would at one time recollect
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his sword, which produced another loud laugh; then would the lace ruffles and the large red hands come across me. In short, I began to be afraid lest I should burst a vessel, and produce a news-paper paragraph of a gentleman who expired in a violent fit of laughter. But having at last a little composed myself, I was next confounded with a most terrible noise, which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. I opened the parlour door; the kitchen was in an uproar; I could distinctly hear the Friseur's voice: I rung the bell; no answer; another loud roar: I rung again; another burst, but no answer: I rung a third time with violence; still no answer. I have an old domestic, who has been forty years in my service; he is a fellow of humour, but has a most inexorable set of features. I had always, till then, believed, that to discompose his would be fully as difficult as to relax those which are carved upon a peruke-maker's block: I therefore thought that *John* would certainly be able to give
me.

me an account of all this anarchy. I accordingly bawled at the top of the kitchen stairs, *John, John*, what, *John*, I say: "Coming, an't please your honour," at last cries *John*.—*John* appeared with his eyes full of water, his cheeks enflamed, and stifling a laugh. "What, *John*, you laughing too; are you all mad?"—"O Lord! Sir, please excuse me, I cannot help it for the soul of me."—"But pray, *John*, try if you can tell me what's the matter."—"O! dear Sir, *Peter, Peter*."—"Pray, what of *Peter*?"—"Why, don't you know, Sir? Why the fine gentleman you saw go out just now with Mr. *Crancocc*, was *Peter*."—"Is that possible?"—"Indeed and indeed, Sir, 'tis nothing but truth. I thought from the first that your honour had been in the secret. Yonder is poor Mr. *Leblanc* in the kitchen, swearing that this night's job has been five shillings out of his pocket; that he has broken two new combs, and entirely ruined his best pair of scissars."—I instantly comprehended.

prehended the whole affair; one of my friend's frolicks, thought I. My mirth, however, was now somewhat damped, by the reflection, that probably he might bring himself into some disagreeable situation by this extraordinary measure. I therefore hurried away to Drury-lane playhouse, having been informed that our Author had ordered the coachman to drive thither. The play was *Macbeth*. No sooner had the box-keeper opened the door of the front boxes, than I beheld *Peter* seated in the back row of the third box from that in which I was, but Mr. *Crancoe* I at first could not perceive. The house was crowded, but that part which could see *Peter* seemed much more attentive to him than to what passed upon the stage; and indeed this was not to be wondered at; for certain I am, that upon no stage was there ever seen any figure so completely grotesque. The witches were at that time dancing round their cauldron; they were well dressed, and did indeed appear not to have much resemblance

resemblance to any thing terrestrial; but *Peter* looked much liker an inhabitant of another world than they did. Though sensible how inadequate I am to such a task, I yet cannot help endeavouring to sketch some of the capital lines of this extraordinary exhibition. He sat motionless and upright, his chest greatly projected, his mouth and eyes wide open, the stare of the last being never relieved by a single wink. Though I said that he sat, he yet did not seem to rest upon his seat, but rather looked as if he was fastened to the wall with a large nail drove through each shoulder. He had much the air of a wooden lion, which you may have seen fixed to the prow of a ship. The operations of Mr. *Leblanc* having raised an unusual itching in his head, he had frequent recourse to it with his nails, which made prodigious havock. It now very much resembled a furze-bush in the morning, after a night of frosty mist; the heat of the house, and the agitation of his own mind, having thrown him

him into a violent sweat, the drops came trotting down his brow, and from thence took their way, some down his cheeks, others down his nose, marking their course with powder and pomatum; these he was every moment wiping off with the back of his left hand, and in so doing, he displayed a palm no less remarkable for the depth of its lines than for its size and colour: from the wrist of this hand hung fluttering a yard of lace, the ruffle having been quickly reduced to this condition, in consequence of having caught hold of the pommel of his sword, which stuck up in a perpendicular position. The only buttons of his waistcoat which had entered into their holes, were the three lowest ones; the bosom of his shirt being also wide open, discovered a breast upon which Nature had liberally bestowed a most comfortable covering of a dark red colour. Though the house, as I have already observed, was very much crowded, I could yet remark people endeavouring to edge as far from him as possible,

possible; and even those who were at some considerable distance, plied their snuff-boxes in a most assiduous manner, every one casting upon his neighbour a look of suspicion. I was at no loss to guess the real cause, and began to wait with impatience for the end of the act, intending then to endeavour to carry off poor *Peter*, whose condition now greatly excited my pity, though I at that time little knew how much he really deserved it; for at that very moment did *Peter* most firmly believe that he was actually in hell. The fellow was, beyond measure, ignorant, credulous, and superstitious: he had often heard that the mouth of hell was in London. Our Author, in their way to the playhouse, had dropt hints which were not without their effects. Upon their arrival at the outward passage, the hurry and confusion, but, above all, the ragged sable link-boys, made him give perfect credit to our Author, when he remarked, with seeming trepidation, that they were now arrived

rived at the entrance of Satan's palace, and that these (pointing to the boys) were some of his attendants. He also met with equal credit, when he informed him, that within he would find great illuminations, and other marks of rejoicing, upon their account, which was always the case when any strangers arrived; and that the damned then got a holiday, and put on their best cloaths. *Peter* was by this time in a very sad pickle; but the curtain being now drawn up, he no sooner saw and smelled the cauldron, with the witches round it, than his fears began to operate in a very strong and powerful manner. The act being at last finished, I found our Author at my elbow. So, so, (says he, laughing) the rascals at home have, I suppose, told you the whole story; but pray, for whom do you think that I have made *Peter* pass with great success? I can assure you that many people here actually take *Peter* for a Siberian nobleman.—*Poh!* said I somewhat peevishly; and having slipped away from him,

him, hurried as fast as I could to the box where sat the nobleman of Siberia rooted to his seat, and stewing in his own grease. I seized his arm, saying, "*Peter*, follow me directly." *Peter* followed mechanically, unconscious whither he went, or whom he followed. I ran along the passage with him; and stopping my nose, pushed him into a chair, and got into one myself, having first directed the chairmen where they should go. If *Peter* was in terror when in the playhouse, he was now in agony: a chair he had never seen nor heard of; the motion seemed to him perfectly unaccountable; and, as he afterwards declared, he shut his eyes, said his prayers, and firmly believed, that while he was proceeding to Pall-Mall, he was all that time tumbling down to the pit that has no bottom.— Upon opening the chair, he seemed devoid of sense and motion; but his fellow servants having at length roused him up, he shewed some signs of recollection. I was afraid lest the poor fellow's brain should

should have received a shock from which it never would recover; and in fact he was not himself again for some weeks. However, the affair having been repeatedly explained to him, and having been, by my orders, carried two or three times by *John* to the One Shilling Gallery, he at last luckily got the better of all his apprehensions. I have been thus particular with regard to this young man, because he is the son of my ploughman, an old trusty servant for whom I have a great esteem. As for Mr. *Crane*, I sat up for him till two in the morning, but no Mr. *Crane* appeared. As I knew the man, I began to imagine, that in a pet he had set out for his own house in the country; nor was I deceived; for that very night had he got into a post-chaise in Piccadilly, and having passed the night at Brentford, proceeded on his journey. I lost no time, but followed him next day. Our Author, though whimsical, is yet one of the best natured men in the world. I was therefore hardly
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an hour with him before every thing was forgiven and forgotten, and in a few days we returned to town together. But since that time I have made it a constant rule never to expostulate with him upon any whim or fancy that happens to come into his head, let it be of never so extraordinary a nature: I also give all my servants strict injunctions to obey all his orders directly, and without hesitation, however strange they may appear to them; and, above all things, I recommend to them to preserve their gravity when he speaks to them.

Our Author is sometimes very absent: Of this I could give many droll instances; I shall trouble the reader with only one. The last time I had the pleasure of his company at my house, he had been kept in town, much against his will, a week longer than he intended, waiting for some strong shoes which he wanted to take with him to the country. Upon a Sunday, at breakfast, I proposed going that day to court; he agreed. About twelve,

twelve, I found him in the parlour, completely and well dressed in a very handsome suit of blue and gold. He walked backwards and forwards, bestowing, every now and then, a hearty curse upon his dog of a shoemaker. Garth's Dispensary lay upon the table; he took it up, and happened to open it just at that line,

And his high helmet was a close-stool-pan.

Which having twice repeated with great emphasis, he muttered to himself, "I can hardly think that it would do, yet Garth must certainly have tried it." He then rung the bell; John quickly made his appearance. "Here, *John*, bring me directly a clean close-stool pan, well cleaned, do you hear; and harkee, throw into it a bit of lighted paper." "Yes, please your honour," says *John*, without altering a muscle of his face. As for me, I well knew the necessity of being silent. In comes *John* with the close-stool pan, and delivers it into our

Author's

Author's hand with as much gravity as if he had been helping him to a soup-plate. Our Author immediately claps it upon his high-dressed head, runs to the glass, "Yes, faith, it does make an excellent helmet." The glass was placed between the windows. Just at that instant does he behold his shoemaker passing by. Away he scampers with the helmet upon his head, opens the street-door, and runs after him, bawling, *Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Chaplin.* The shoemaker hearing his name, turns about; but seeing a man in full dress, with a close-stool pan upon his head, walking quickly up to him, began directly to mend his pace, as he perceived the mob beginning to gather, and did not know what to think of the figure which he saw pursuing him. Our Author finding that *Chaplin* would not stop, gave up the pursuit with many a hearty curse. Having followed him as fast as I could, I found him returning with great composure, never once regarding the crowd at his heels. I immediately

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put him in mind of his situation; upon which I was as much astonished at his presence as I formerly had been at his absence of mind; for taking the pan from his head, and diving his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a large quantity of silver, which having tossed into the pan, he gave it a rattle or two, and then threw pan, silver and all, into the air. The mob opened, fearing the fall of the pan; but upon its reaching the ground, they fell to scrambling for the silver, crying, "God bless his noble honour, there's no madness about him; it has been for a wager I warrant you." By these means we reached home unmolested, unattended.

Our Author, when alone, spends a good deal of his time in reading and in writing; and in winter he does both by candle-light. As soon as he has written any thing, he tosses it into his table-drawer, and thinks no more about it. This table-drawer is a magazine of most curious originals, chiefly poetry, though now and then a prose essay occurs—

During

During a stay of some weeks which I lately made at his house, I one day took a fancy to rummage this drawer, where I found the pieces which I now offer to the Public, with a multiplicity of others, mostly tales. With the tales I was particularly pleased ; but as my friendship for the Author may very probably happen to make me partial in judging of the merit of his writings ; and as the taste of the Public may perhaps happen to be very different from mine, I, for these reasons, determined to publish at first only two of these tales, by way of a trial. Should these be relished, it will then be time enough to publish the others. But never was I more puzzled than when I wanted to select two for this trial. I read them all again and again ; to me all had equal beauties. When I had finished the first one, I laid it down, saying, Well, that shall surely be one. I had no sooner read the second, than I repeated the same words ; and so on through the whole parcel. At last I wrote them
several

several titles upon small slips of paper, threw them into my hat, and gave it a shake; then shutting my eyes, I put in my hand: the two which I happened to lay hold of were the *White Swellings* and the *Tables Turned*: accordingly the *White Swellings* and the *Tables Turned* are the two which shall determine the fate of their brethren.—Having thus accounted for the manner in which these papers came into my possession, I shall now proceed to answer some objections which I can easily foresee will be made to their publication. And in the first place, it may be said that this publication is a flagrant infringement of the sacred laws of hospitality. My answer to this is very short: If the Author himself pardons, nay, even laughs at that infringement, I think that no body else has any right to find fault with me upon that score. In the second place, some may say, that I should have informed the world whether my Author is married, or a batchelor; if he is a man of fortune, or bred to any profession;

profession; at what university he studied; and what are now his pursuits in life. I answer, that I leave to the common herd of Biographers to trouble their readers with trifles of this nature; but that, for my part, I was determined to mention no incident relating to my Author, unless it was both material and interesting. Others again may, in the third and last place, object, that the tales have, by their freedom, a tendency to corrupt the minds of youth; and that whatever has any such tendency should, in this age of profligacy and licentiousness, be carefully suppressed. My answer is, that these Tales, instead of tainting the youthful mind, will, I imagine, be found to have just the contrary effect. Ideas of a certain kind must, at some seasons, infallibly enter into the minds of all young men, and also of all young women, who have in their veins a drop of healthful blood. Books therefore which hide these ideas in a mysterious manner, are almost as pernicious as those

infamous

infamous ones, the professed design of which is to display them with all the powers of the most inflammatory description. Those of the latter kind are read with the most attentive avidity; no smile is seen to illumine the countenance of the reader, for these ideas are of a very serious cast. I, for these reasons, maintain, that the Author, who, at the same time that he raises such ideas, also raises our laughter, by rendering them familiar without danger; neither vitiates the heart, nor inflames the mind; but, on the contrary, furnishes both of them with the most powerful of all antidotes against the most subtle of all poisons. I can figure to myself a father, who, upon finding his Polly with these Tales in her hand, and a smile upon her face, snatches from her the book, and in a violent passion throws it into the fire, saying, "Fy, fy, Polly, how can you think of reading such books?" I can also figure to myself, that next day the same father finds the same Polly reading
 Paradise

Paradise Lost with a serious countenance, her bosom heaving, and her cheeks glowing; he peeps over her shoulder, and says, "Ay, ay, *Paradise Lost*! that's a good girl; you may read that book with perfect safety."—"You fool, but she may not; *Paradise Lost* is for your Polly one of the most unsafe books in the English language; and yesterday you took from her, and flung into the fire, one infinitely safer."

The reader of discernment will easily perceive, that of the following pieces the prose ones and the Epitaph are all of them serious, the rest being in the burlesque or comic style. It will however be proper that I give some account of the occasion upon which the first of these prose pieces was written. About a year after the conclusion of the last war, Mr. *Job Tinkinson*, and his brother Mr. *Adam*, both of them persons of great ingenuity, and intimate acquaintances of our Author, had struck out a new branch of trade, which was of such a nature as to involve
these

these worthy gentlemen in a prodigious expence, but which, at the same time, did not at first succeed so well as they had expected. Having laid open their situation to our Author, to whose talents and humanity they were no strangers, they intreated his advice and assistance. He immediately assured them that their plan was an excellent plan; and that the only reason of its hitherto unsuccessful appearance was, that it had never as yet been notified to the Public in a proper manner. He accordingly sat down, and wrote for them the following paper, which being printed and circulated, brought Messrs. *Tipkins* a most prodigious run of business. They are now in a rich and flourishing condition, and take all opportunities of testifying their gratitude to our Author, whom they esteem as their best friend and greatest benefactor.

To

The notes marked *A*, are written by the Author; those marked *E*, by the Editor.

To the Publick in general, but more particularly to such gentlemen as want wives, to such ladies as want husbands, and to such husbands and wives as want children, or desire to have their own exchanged; the following ADDRESS is humbly offered by their most obedient and much obliged humble servants, Job and Adam Tipkinson, sworn marriage and child brokers, undertakers and appraisers, at the original Husband, Wife and Child warehouse, at the sign of the Old Abraham and Sarah, New-Bond-street, London.

IT is of late grown a hackneyed custom to begin advertisements with a long, elaborate introduction, in which the advertiser endeavours to convince his readers, that he does not consult his own interest so much as he does that of the public, when he desires them to purchase his goods; but this language is daily used by so great a variety of notorious impostors, that it now every where meets with that contempt which it so justly deserves.

For

For our part, we will be so candid as to confess, that to gain a livelihood in an honest way was what first induced us to think of our present occupation, though at the same time we hope not to be disbelieved when we declare, that our prospect of success was rendered doubly agreeable by reflecting, that should our scheme prove profitable to ourselves, it would, at the same time, contribute to the pleasure, health and happiness of our fellow creatures.—Marriage, when entered into with judgment, is that state of life which is certainly most productive both of publick utility and private happiness: but we have long observed, that many gentlemen who were desirous to enter into this state were, from various circumstances, often unable to find matches to their taste, and consequently obliged to pass an insipid single life, disagreeable to themselves, and useless to the public. And we are also fully sensible, that the situation of the ladies who want husbands is still more deplorable,
and

and is attended with still greater hardships. These considerations therefore first made us think of opening a warehouse, where any gentleman or lady of a fair character, and in good circumstances, might have their choice of some hundreds of young persons, all willing and able to marry at a moment's warning. We shall now proceed to give a particular account of our plan. We have two separate offices; one well stocked with men ready to become husbands, the other with women as ready to become wives. Our women at present amount to the number of two hundred and fifty; of these there are one hundred and fifty of different statures and complexions, all handsome, healthy, and in good order, from the age of fifteen to thirty, and warranted breeders, without blemish, crack, or flaw. As these goods are designed for gentlemen who want to have children by their own wives, they may, in two years after the marriage, be returned, in case of barrenness proved to be their fault,

when

when the husband shall receive a divorce, along with the money paid for his wife; or if, instead of the money, he inclines to take another wife, he may have his choice of all those marked at the same price with the one whom he returned. But as we have sometimes found customers who were either diffident of themselves, or, for particular reasons, so very desirous of quickly having children, as to prefer to any other a young woman already with child; we have always by us severals warranted pregnant, but not so far gone with child as to discover any very visible marks of being so: and that the delicacy of purchasers may be as little offended as possible, we take care that such of our girls as are designed for this branch, besides being the most simple, young, and innocent that we can find, always change their situation, during a deep sleep occasioned by a proper quantity of opium, so that even they themselves know nothing of the matter, and must therefore necessarily imagine their husbands

bands to be the fathers of their children. But besides the two classes of persons already mentioned, there is yet a third, which consists of Gentlemen Widowers advanced in years, and already blessed with a numerous offspring; who would be glad to marry a sober, decent matron, proper for superintending their family, without being in any danger of adding to its number: we have therefore, for the use of such persons, a very clever assortment of neat, cleanly women, both old maids and widows, all warranted barren, and who are daily in the practice of taking care of a large family, as they have the charge of the linen, marketting, and, in short, of every thing relating to house-keeping in the female office, which is a charge of no small importance and extent. In case any of these last should by chance at any time prove with child, they may be exchanged, and the child is taken care of by us.—So much for the female office. The other office consists of men ready to become husbands; and
this

this we apprehend to be fully more beneficial to the public than our female office. For as unrelenting custom has reduced the ladies to the cruel necessity of concealing their desires, and disguising their feelings as to many points, but chiefly with regard to those upon which their happiness most essentially depends; and as it is thought highly improper for them to make what are called advances, we imagined that nothing could be more meritorious than to make this matter as easy to the most amiable and elegant part of the human species, as it already is to the more rough and brutal; and to restore to the ladies that equality with which Nature invested them, but of which the barbarity of modern manners has most unjustly deprived them. It is indeed truly lamentable to consider how many ladies of accomplished minds and independent fortunes are, from a total want of proper offers, obliged to languish and wither in the cold ungenial and unnatural state of celibacy. We therefore
 take

take the liberty to inform all such, whether young and blooming virgins, old maiden ladies, or experienced widows, that at our warehouse they may be all fitted with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, as we have at present upon hand great choice of young men of all makes, sorts and sizes. And as some ladies might possibly think themselves degraded by looking for a husband in this manner, we can assure them that they will see none but *Gentlemen*, as we admit no others. But many people may think it strange, how we should be able to find so many *Gentlemen* ready to marry any woman who should take a fancy for them. This indeed did at first appear to ourselves to be an almost unsurmountable difficulty; but we luckily happened to think of an expedient, in consequence of which we, in a very short time, found as many as we could possibly wish for, who embraced our offers, not only with alacrity, but with thanks; declaring, that, upon our terms, they were in readiness

ness to marry whatever disfigurement, deformity, pride, lust, and ill-nature, could render most hideous and loathsome in the shape of woman. We were at the same time performing an action of the most beneficent and charitable nature. Our expedient was this: we visited all the different prisons in and about this metropolis, and in them met with many hundreds of handsome, stout young gentlemen, who, after having been exposed to be shot at during the last war by sea and land, in America, Germany, and both Indies, found themselves, upon their long wished-for return to their native home, in a starving condition; and after having made many unsuccessful struggles to extricate themselves from the fangs of poverty, and to keep up the appearance of gentlemen, were at last rotting in a jail for debts of ten, twenty, or thirty pounds. To these disconsolate victims of hard-hearted creditors we disclosed our proposals, offering at the same time to discharge their debts, to feed and to clothe them.

them. We met but with one refusal; which was from a tall, thin, pale-faced native of North-Britain; his only answer was, "I'm in *Luve*." In a short time, after the poor fellows had been well cleaned, new clothed, and a little fattened, one would scarcely have known them; and indeed we do not believe that there is now in the world a set of more healthy, better looking men. We need not here insist upon the great expence and public utility which in general attend our scheme; but these circumstances appear with such force in this last view of it, that we flatter ourselves that we shall some time hence meet with the encouragement and protection of parliament.* As to our method of stocking our female office, we cannot be so communicative, as it is of such a nature as to be in some danger of being copied by others; but the world may rest assured, that it is equally innocent and

E praise-

* For this Messrs. Tipkinson have actually applied, and will soon probably obtain it.

praise-worthy with that which we have just explained. In shewing our goods, the utmost regard is paid to secrecy and decorum; our clerks are all sworn to observe both of them in the strictest manner. Gentlemen who apply to us can be at no loss; but as ladies very naturally may, we therefore think it necessary to inform these last, that upon pulling the largest bell-handle, marked *P*,* which hangs exactly in the middle between the two pillars, either one of ourselves, or a clerk, instantly appears, to whom the lady has only to mention what price she would chuse to give for a husband; upon which she is desired to apply her eye to a small round bit of glass, through which, unseen herself, she can have a distinct view of all the men at the price mentioned. In case she likes the looks of any one, upon telling his number, (for they are all marked upon the breast) she may converse with him in a private

* *P.* for *Pull.* *A.*

private chamber, and afterwards return, unseen by any body but the party and one of ourselves. It is likewise easy to conceal the face even from us by means of a mask. Any reasonable trial may be also had of our men, provided they are kept for the space of only twenty-four hours; and this time we found ourselves obliged to prescribe, as when we first opened our warehouse, we were considerable losers by certain old ladies of quality, who having desired several of our best pieces of goods to be sent to their houses, under pretence of inspecting them more at their leisure, after keeping them for several weeks, returned them greatly damaged, and at last left them upon our hands: and indeed we afterwards found out, that most of the said ladies were already married. With this usage we were, however, at that time obliged to put up, as we were then but just entering upon business.

To

To be had cheap, a young man about twenty-four years of age: he is six feet high, strong, and remarkably handsome. The loss of a limb is disagreeable only to the eye, as it is well known to be by no means an essential disadvantage, but rather the contrary.——Wanted, for our Old Bachelor trade, several young women, from fourteen to twenty years of age, born dumb; and most money given for Old Maids.

We have also lately opened a third office, where Children of all kinds and ages may be had and exchanged at the most reasonable rates. Commissions from the country are most carefully attended to; and children, packed up in the neatest manner, are sent by the stage-coaches, at the same price with Game.

As we are also undertakers, we humbly hope that such persons as have been married by means of any of our offices, will employ us in this our other capacity, when such marriage shall have been dissolved by the death of one of the parties;
and

and indeed the survivor is in some measure bound to do so, out of gratitude, in case the marriage has been a happy one; but if it has been the contrary, the best atonement we can then make, is to bury the cause of their uneasiness.

A CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas Benjamin Passford and Son have, in imitation of us, lately set up an office (only for Children) in Milk-street, Cheapside, and pretend to give out, that their children are preferable to ours. In answer to this impudent declaration, we shall only say, that we can, from undoubted authority, assure the Public, that, to our certain knowledge, the said Benjamin Passford and Son have at present in pay thirty oyster-women, and fifteen porters, in order to breed; whereas all people who apply to us may be sure of getting good blood, as we employ none but gentlemen and ladies of decayed fortunes to work for us in that capacity.

Dean

Dean Swift Detected.

Observations upon Edinburgh.

I HAVE long thought that *Dean Swift* is by no means entitled to that rank which, in the opinion of some few old people, he still holds among our English authors. When he aims at wit, he puts me exactly in mind of a drunken porter, who reeling through the streets at night, sees a lamp burning near him, and stretches out his hands to lay hold of its post, in order to support him ; but the state of his brain making him see two posts, he grasps at the visionary one, and missing that which is real, tumbles into the kennel. Here, with his sprawling, his swearing, his growling and his grunting, he attracts the attention of a parcel of idle, foolish people, who form a
ring

ring around him. Having at last got upon his legs, he, with his nails, scrapes the dirt from his clothes, and then tosses it in the faces of the surrounding mob; upon which those who have escaped untouched raise a loud horse-laugh at the expence of such of their neighbours as he has by chance happened to bespatter. But indeed most people are now of my way of thinking in this respect, excepting, as I already observed, a few antiquated folks, whom I shall quietly leave to the enjoyment of their own opinions, for there are in the world some people whom it is quite needless to attempt to convince. To open the mental eye when shut with an obstinate prejudice, is an operation of no less difficulty than to couch the cataract, or to eradicate the gutta serena. I must however confess, that I have been long puzzled with one production commonly attributed to this writer, I mean his *Gulliver's Travels*, as in the voyages to *Lilliput* and *Brobdingnag* we now and then meet with
some

some marks of genius and invention. It has therefore always been matter of wonder to me, how a person so devoid of these in his other productions, should yet, in this alone, have had the good fortune in some measure to stumble upon them. The voyages to *Laputa* and the *Houyhnhnms*, I was always convinced, were the genuine offspring of the Dean's pen; they bear evident marks of it: but I was sometimes inclined to think that those to *Lilliput* and *Brobdingnag* were written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, which, though not commonly known, is yet the case with regard to the *Tale of a Tub*. Dr. *Arbuthnot* was a man remarkable for genius, wit, and humour; but he was no less so for modesty and good-nature. The *Dean*, who was in all these respects a very different person, availing himself of the *Doctor's* mild and easy character, upon seeing with what applause the *Tale of a Tub* was universally received, had the meanness to drop hints that he was the author. The *Doctor*, either unwilling
to

to exasperate a man of the *Dean's* temper, or from the excessive indolence of his own, took no steps to undeceive the public in this particular; by which means this opinion has gained such credit, that it will be, I am afraid, no easy matter now to overturn it. I can however assure the world, that I had this anecdote from a very near relation of Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who shewed me the original copy of the *Tale of a Tub* in the *Doctor's* own hand-writing: the *Doctor* had, with great good humour, in his drolling way, interlined these words in the title-page, "*Written by Dean Swift.*" A similar opinion, from similar reasons, it is well known, long prevailed with regard also to the *History of John Bull*, which is however now universally allowed to have been written, not by the *Dean*, but by the *Doctor*. This therefore gives me some reason to hope that this will likewise soon be the case with regard to the *Tale of a Tub*. But to return to *Gulliver's Travels*: Though I lately met with the
most

most convincing proofs, that of the whole of this piece the *Dean* was really and truly the writer ; I yet, at the same time, met with proofs equally convincing, that he was indeed but merely the writer, or, to speak more properly, only the compiler.

I last year took it into my head to visit *Ireland*, where (to my shame be it spoken) I had never yet been, though I had many years ago made the tour of *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*. After spending some time at *Dublin*, I set out for *Cork*, where, as in every other place, my first object was to examine the church-yards, for I have always had a great pleasure in perusing monumental inscriptions, though never so trifling ; and indeed I have now of these a most ample and curious collection, with the publication of which I shall probably some time hence oblige the world. I went first to *St. Murdoch's* church-yard, as being the most considerable. Here, while I was walking, with my memorandum-book in one hand,

hand, and my pencil in the other, I happened to stumble upon something hard, which gave the great toe of my right foot a very severe blow. I looked hastily back, and even a little angrily, as people commonly do upon such occasions : I could see nothing ; my curiosity was awakened : I always carry about with me an excellent pruning-knife ; with it I therefore fell directly to work upon the grass, which was very long and thick ; but this being soon cleared away, I found a grave-stone, with the following inscription in very legible characters :

- “ Here resteth, free from care, and free from work,
 “ *Gillifer Lemule*, mariner of Cork,
 “ Who, when alive, saw men both short and tall,
 “ Who knows what now he sees, or if he sees at all ?

The reader may have some faint idea of my astonishment, but he can have none of the pleasure which I at that moment felt. Aha ! said I, Mr. *Dean*, have I then at last found you out ? Away I posted to the parish-clerk, and told him

him that I would reward him for his trouble if he could inform me where had formerly lived one *Gillifer Lemule*, a sailor, who was buried in *St. Murdoch's* church-yard, and if he had left any family behind him. The clerk very civilly told me, that he believed he could satisfy me as to both these particulars; and having inspected his book, he directed me to *Cod-piece Alley*, where he assured me, that a little way down, upon the right hand side, still lived the widow of this very person. To *Cod-piece Alley* therefore I went, where I soon found her out. She was a little woman, very much decayed, but still sprightly. She directly told me, upon entering her door, that I needed not to give myself the trouble of coming in, as her house was the only one in the whole *Alley* where I would not find what I wanted, for that her's had always been a reputable house. I laughed, and told her that she entirely mistook my business. I then asked her if her husband had ever mentioned to her

her any thing about certain *Giants* and *Pigmies* whom he had seen in some of his voyages to foreign parts. She assured me that he often had, and that for her part she had good reason to believe every thing he said, as *Gillifer* had never told her a lie during all the twenty-seven years that they had lived together as man and wife ; but that, alas ! none of the neighbours would give him the least credit, but laughed at him, and reputed him to be crazy. That hearing of one *Dean Swift*, who was said to be a *book-maker*, he had taken a journey to *Dublin*, to desire him to write his history ; but that the *Dean*, having first heard his story, ordered him, in a surly manner, to get out of his house, saying, that he was either an impostor, or a madman, which, she imagined, at last broke poor *Gillifer's* heart. Upon my enquiring if she had in her possession any papers belonging to her husband, she shewed me an old journal-book, but so dirty, blotted, and ill-written, that I could make nothing of it.

I next

I next enquired if she had any proofs of his ever having actually been among such strange folk. She said, that she had certain proofs of his having been among the *Giants*. I entreated that she would directly shew them to me, at the same time earnestly asking what these proofs were; her answer surprised me: she said that she could not think of naming them, far less of shewing them to me. I slipped into her hand a guinea, and begged her not to be foolish. She then took out of an old sea-chest two large, hard, brown, oblong petrifications, as they at least appeared to me. As I had not the most distant notion what these substances were, I begged an explanation, saying, that I could not possibly comprehend what could make her so shy. She at last, after much hesitation, told me that the king of the *Giants*, who was very fond of music, having ordered that a young man should be made a good singer, *Gillifer* happened to be in a back court yard into which *these* were thrown
from

from a window of the palace; that he had 'picked them up, dried them, and kept them as a curiosity. I directly pulled out my purse, and having counted ten guineas upon the head of the old chest, asked if she would sell *them*. The money was a temptation; the good woman, with tears in her eyes, assured me, that had she not been very poor, she never would have parted with them, as she had a great regard for them, and as they served, more than any thing, to make her remember poor *Gillifer*.—My next business was to find out the rector of the parish, from whom I begged permission to lift and take with me *Gillifer's* grave-stone. He was a good, plain, devout man: he told me that, for his part, he most chearfully gave me full liberty to do with it what I pleased, as, in his opinion, the doubt expressed in the last line of the inscription rendered it utterly improper to be seen in any place of Christian burial.—Hearing that the learned and ingenious *Count de L-r-g---s* had

had freighted a vessel to carry to France his curious collection of all the different kinds of free-stone which are found in *Ireland*, and that this vessel was, for certain reasons, to touch at *Chatham*, I immediately applied to the captain, and soon agreed with him to deliver at that place *Gillifer's* grave-stone, which I designed as a present to the British Museum. Upon my expressing to the Captain some surprise at the nature of his cargo, he told me that the *Count* was a man indefatigable in his pursuit after knowledge; that he was now possessed of a most amazing collection of all sorts of that animal * vulgarly called free-stone, in forming which he had ransacked *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, with every other country in *Europe*; and that after he had made experiments upon them, he then designed to build an Observatory, in which there would not be two stones of

* Professor Watson's Essay upon the subjects of Chymistry. A.

of the same country; which, when finished, would certainly be the greatest curiosity in the modern world, and infinitely surpass the wonders of the ancient one. I was astonished to hear a seafaring man express himself in such terms; but I soon found out that he was a younger brother of a good, though not an opulent family, and had been well educated.

I was now a happy man; I was possessed of some very valuable curiosities, which were, at the same time, convincing proofs how grossly *Dean Swift* had imposed upon the public. I could now easily account for the striking difference between the voyages to *Lilliput* and *Brobdingnag*, and those to *Laputa* and the *Houyhnhnms*. Many people have observed to me, that they were pleased with the former, as they were natural, and had very much the air of a true story; while they were disgusted with the latter, as being improbable and overstrained. For the reason of this they can now be at no loss. This discovery affords also a

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most

most remarkable instance of the barrenness of *Swift's* invention; for we find him so totally at a loss for a name to his traveller, as, with a very small alteration, to adopt that of the poor fellow who had applied to him, and whom he first robbed of his story, and then used in the above barbarous manner.—I returned home by the way of *Scotland*, having long had a desire to see *Edinburgh*, that mart of taste, and emporium of literature. Upon my arrival in this city, I was no longer astonished at the great number of masterly writers with which it abounds; the height and smell of its houses are evidently the causes of this. A certain *History of England* was written in a house below, in which lived six separate families in as many floors. Had the author written it in *London*, in a low parlour, or in a first, or even a second floor, we could not now have been able to boast of having, in our age, and in our language, a work equal, if not superior to those immortal productions

tions of the most celebrated historians of *Greece* and *Rome*. It gave me however great pain to observe, that the inhabitants are now very much getting into the taste of our *London* houses, which they emphatically enough call *Houses within themselves*. But, without having the second sight, I will venture to foretell, that as soon as they shall have been for some time in lower and sweeter habitations, they will gradually lose their genius and talents for composition, for which they are at present so remarkable. It is almost incredible, though perfectly true, that there are now in this wonderful place no less than two hundred *Writers*, and of these again one half at least are *Writers to the Signet*, as they are called, which is, I imagine, a Scotticism for *Signal Writers*, or writers of eminence. An *English* author would be astonished to receive a letter directed to him in the following manner: "To L—d Ly-tt-t-n, a writer of note;" yet in *Scotland* nothing is more common. I myself have,
more

more than once, seen letters directed to Mr. Such-a-one, *Writer to the Signet*. Every country has its own customs. I am even apt to imagine that this public tribute paid to literary merit is one great reason of its abounding so much in this one.—I was present at an *Assembly*, where I saw several gentlemen balance through their minuets in a very surprising manner, as I was informed that they had, each of them, drank at least three bottles of claret after dinner. I was also present at a *Concert*, where I was highly delighted with some of the airs proper to this country, such as, *The Dyucks * dang o'er my Daddie*.—*Wap † at the Widow, my Laddie*.—*The bonny ‡ brucket Lassie*.—*Fy § gar rub her o'er with Strae*.—*Bessie's*

* The Ducks knocked over my Father.

† *Wap* is a word of great energy, and which cannot be rendered into English without a considerable circumlocution; it properly signifies a smart stroke with something stiff and elastic, while it regains its former position after being forcibly bent, such as a piece of cane or whalebone.

‡ The pretty dirty girl.

§ *Fy* make her be cleaned with straw.

Bessie's Haggess, and *The Flowers* || of *Edinburgh*.—These airs have a native simplicity, and a plaintive softness, which at once ravish and soothe the soul of every hearer. But these pleasing sensations were in a moment utterly annihilated by a most horrid *burly-burly*, which all at once burst forth from the orchestra, and which might, in my opinion, have very properly

|| These flowers are peculiar to Edinburgh, are of a fine yellow colour, and have a most fragrant smell, particularly in the morning and evening, when the dew is upon them. Upon looking into Linnaeus, I find that they are of the jonquil tribe. He thus describes them with his usual accuracy: “*Jonquilla major* *Edinburg. fol. larg. long. curv. deaurat. moll. et admodum glutin. ac adhar. odor. suaviss. gener. tam mascul. quam femin. at posterior. plerumque largior. sunt.* Linn. *Gener. Plant. pag. 144. tom. 2. fol. edit. Leipz.*

The citizens used formerly to cultivate these flowers in parterres before their front doors, which gave the principal street a very pretty and uncommon appearance; but the present Magistrates, pretending that these flower plots were an incumbrance, have lately deprived the inhabitants of this innocent pleasure, excepting in their *Backsides*, where they are still at full liberty to raise as many of these flowers as they incline.

properly been named the *Brazier's Concerto*. I found that this rumbling-piece was composed by a *Scotch* nobleman, who has most unaccountably taken it into his head that he has some taste for music; but, which is still more unaccountable, his compositions are very much admired by the *Scotch Dilletanti*, and preferred even to the ancient music of their own country. For my part, I should imagine that this admiration is pretty much founded upon that principle which makes us admire a person born blind, who can play a hand at whist without revoking, though this person may at the same time, with regard to real knowledge of the game, be a most execrable player. But I soon found that this nobleman, who happened to be present, was not only a composer, but also a performer; for running up to the man who played the first fiddle, he snatched the instrument out of his hands, and began to play with such fury and agitation, as to have more the appearance of a madman than a musician. He,
in

in three strokes, broke as many bows, and with his elbow made the blood spring from the nose of a very quiet-looking little man, who was, at his side, most inoffensively blowing his german-flute. As for his L--d--p, he, I suppose, imagined that he was all the while animating the band, and giving spirit to the music; but instead of this, it was easy to see that he perplexed the one and confounded the other. I cannot help giving one piece of advice to this nobleman, which is, to confine both his composition and his performance to his own country. But indeed there is, I imagine, no great occasion for giving this advice, as I am pretty certain that they never were, nor ever will be heard of in any other.

I received great civilities from the Professors of the University; and, in return, presented them with my proofs of *Swift's* Imposition, as a natural curiosity to be deposited in their new *Museum*. I found that I was the second donor, a *Highland* gentleman

gentleman having some days before sent to them a phial filled with the animalcules which occasion the itch, and which, in his family, had thriven so prodigiously, as to be no longer invisible to the naked eye. They seemed to be mightily pleased with my present; only one gentleman, remarkable for his taste and modesty, observed, "that they would be something at a loss when ladies visited the *Museum*." "O! (said I) if they ask any questions, you have only to say that they are a giant's *Tonsils*, or the *Almonds* of his ears." Upon which another, (if I am not mistaken, the Professor of Roman Law) with a smile, remarked; "that in some things women were not easily deceived."—The Principal of the University, I found, was also a *Writer*. I imagine, that as he was a Scotchman, and Principal of a Scotch University, he thought it absolutely necessary for him to write a book; for though he may be a tolerable Principal, he is a very indifferent Author; indeed he has no sort of

turn

turn whatever for composition. I really pitied the poor man, as he has a large family; for I was credibly informed, that by his scribbling, besides hurting his character, he had considerably impaired his fortune: for the booksellers, intimidated with the bad reception of his first work, which was, I think, a *History of Scotland*, having absolutely refused to run the risque of printing his second one, which was much more voluminous, he had himself been at the sole expence of the publication, which was far from being trifling, as his vanity had unluckily led him to cast off a great number of copies, most of which, it seems, were still to be found in his own study. He presented me with a copy; I took the hint, and slipped five pieces into his hand, for which the poor man seemed very thankful.—When I got to my lodgings, I found that it was the *History of one Charles*, some obscure German Emperor. The title-page was the only one which I could clearly comprehend.

It

It is, in short, a book almost unintelligible to the *English* reader. Having felt between my finger and thumb the quality of the paper, I laid it quietly down upon the table, wondering how the reverend principal could so far mistake his talents as to think of being an author, when he seemed to be ignorant of even the simplest rules of grammar.—I found in this place the same complaints with regard to the administration of justice, which so universally prevail every where else; and that people, before they could obtain a decision, were sometimes obliged to wait ten years, or perhaps longer, in doubt and anxiety; by which means many families have been ruined. I was also informed that these infamous delays were entirely owing to the *Profligacy* of the chief civil court; for which, I think, he most justly deserves the severest reprehensions. I however know so much of human nature, as to predict, that should any of his successors in the same office entirely remedy this enormous abuse,

people,

people, instead of being sensible how much they owed to such a person, and instead of praising him as he deserved, would dwell with pleasure upon the foibles of his character; for where is that one to be found which is totally free from them?

I was, with great gravity, informed by many seemingly sensible people, that if I would go to *Glasgow*, the second city of *Scotland*, I should there see two very extraordinary men, who, by dint of industry and application, joined to strong natural parts, had at last arrived at such a pitch of perfection in their art,* as to convert tobacco hogsheds into coaches, which were in every respect handsome and elegant, and had not the least mark of their original, excepting only indeed that they were *Tub* coaches. I inwardly pitied my informers; and wanting to wave a subject upon which I could easily perceive that it would be labour

* In this country commonly called the black art. A

labour lost to attempt to reason with them; I told them, with a smile, that I was not at all fond of approaching such persons, lest they might perhaps take a fancy to convert me into a coach-horse.——I had often heard that the *Scots*, though sharp, were yet credulous and superstitious. I must however say, that this ridiculous story of the hogheads and coaches was the only instance of it which I met with.

Having got all the information about *Edinburgh* which I wanted, I set out for *Devonshire*, impatient to communicate to my friends and acquaintances my surprising discovery relating to *Dean Swift*; some of whom, soon after my arrival, strongly urged me to publish it. But my answer always was, that I was fully determined never to take that trouble, as people, I was convinced, would not believe what I said, and would perhaps think that the whole was a fiction, or else written with a view to amuse some folks, and to make others stare.

A PLAN

A P L A N

For the Improvement of the
Orthography of the *English* Language.

I AM a great admirer of the *English* language: I think it superior to most of the modern languages of Europe, and inferior to none. Its improvement in every respect I have therefore much at heart; and have in particular long lamented the very miserable state in which its Orthography is still permitted to remain. Many very laudable attempts to reform it in this respect were several years ago made by men of great learning and ingenuity, but unhappily these were all rendered abortive by the stale jokes of that poor pretender to wit, *Jonathan Swift*, who took it into his wise head to
ridicule

ridicule all schemes and proposals of this nature. It is amusing to contemplate what an absolute sway that Man, in his own time, bore in the literary world. To this he was entitled neither by his wit nor his humour, for it is now universally acknowledged that he was equally destitute of both. To what cause then are we to ascribe this tyranny, which he so long and so successfully exerted? Plainly to no other than the dread of his influence with an arbitrary ministry.— But here again it may be asked, How came it about that a man so devoid of abilities as the Dean really was, could have such influence with a ministry, which, however wicked it may have been, was yet certainly very far from being weak. The true account of this matter is, that he had rendered himself in some measure a necessary tool, by a certain knack which he possessed of quickly producing a tolerable political pamphlet, which is indeed the only species of composition in which he has any degree of merit ;

merit; and even this merit, small as it is, is chiefly founded upon his matchless impudence and effrontery. — It is with peculiar pleasure therefore that I observe this spirit of improvement beginning again to revive, and that many of our best modern writers distinguish themselves as much by the singularity of their Orthography as the elegance of their Style. But within a circle, though many points may be given, yet, as among all these there is but one alone from whence lines of equal length can be drawn to the circumference; and as in the armies of the Porte, though may be seen many banners of inferior note, round which assemble particular detachments, yet there is but one sacred standard upon which the eyes of all are invariably fixed, and which combines the whole. Even so, among the almost infinite variety of plans which may be suggested for improving our Orthography, there is but one which will be found

found to meet with universal approbation, which will merit the title of the central point, or the standard of perfection. That point I therefore flatter myself that I have found, and that standard I hope that I shall be able to unfold to the eyes of the learned, to be by them henceforth as enthusiastically followed as is the standard of *Mahomet* by the Turbans of the *East*.*

The letter *S*. has but too long been justly the reproach of our language; my first step then is entirely to crush this serpent of a letter, excepting when it is joined with an *H*, as in *Shittim*, *Shittlecock*; for in such situations it is cured of its abominable hissing; *S*. has two sounds, the one soft, the other hard; for the first I substitute *C*. for example, for *Sow* I write *Cow*; and for the last I use *Z*.
for

* This, and some other sentences which now and then occur in these little pieces, evidently shew, that our Author, should he ever chuse a subject which requires it, is very capable of writing in a rich, noble, and elevated style. *E*.

for example, *Resound* I write *Rezound*. As to the letter *C*, does not its very name denote that it should invariably be soft? in my orthography therefore it is never sounded hard in whatever situation it may be found, not even before an *U*. and for it, when hard, I use *K*. This alteration alone is a most essential one; it will prevent many mistakes, and be an infinite ease to foreigners learning our language: for example, *Cow* I write *Kow*: the plural of this word has always been properly written *Kine*, with a *K*; what then could be more preposterous than the custom which has hitherto prevailed of writing the singular with a *C*? — *Auction* I in like manner write *Akshon*, which word is also an example of two other most material alterations; as for *T* soft, I use *sh*; and for all diphthongs, that single letter which approaches nearest to their joint sound. — *Ph*, which is exactly the Greek ϕ , I also expunge, putting in its place the simple letter *F*, which has

all its powers, without any of its confusion. The introduction of this associated sound into our orthography, is a strong instance of the great force of pedantry: for when our language was enriched with words derived from the Greek (to which I have no objections) what necessity was there for also borrowing the imperfections of the Greek alphabet, which has no single letter corresponding to our *F*; for example, when the word *Philosophy* was properly enough introduced, instead of retaining the *φ* or *Ph*, should it not have been directly written *Filosofy*? But, says some *hedge-hoggish* pedant, this mode of spelling demonstrates its Greek original; for the same reason I answer, you should, next Sunday, before you sally out to the Mall, pin to the back of your new coat, a paper, on which is written, in large characters, the name of your tailor.—The mute *E* I entirely obliterate; and indeed this is a general rule, which I observe with regard to all mute letters,

as serving no purpose whatever but to perplex a learner.—For the long *I*, I generally use *Y*; as for *fine*, *ride*, I write *fyn*, *ryd*. But this letter *y* having a double power, that of a vowel and a consonant, when in the former capacity I write it small, and when in the latter, large, even though it be in the middle of a word, in which situation it is often found in my orthography: for example, *Dewy*, I write *DYuy*.—For all words expressing numbers, I use the figures of these numbers: example, *Six-pence*, I write *6 pence*.—These are some of my principal rules; besides which, I have a multitude of others, relating chiefly to marks, which I have invented for easily and accurately distinguishing the different sounds of the same vowel; but these I reserve for a greater work, which I am now preparing for the press, and of which this is intended merely as a sketch or specimen.—In a word, my great leading principle is to accommodate orthography to pronunciation,

tion, than which, as the learned Mr. *Samuel Johnson* observes in his Grammar of the English *Tongue*, prefixed to his Dictionary of the English *Language*, there cannot be conceived any rule so simple, so comprehensive, and at the same time so permanent. I shall now conclude with an example of my orthography, consisting of the first sixteen lines of *Paradise Lost*, written according to my plan, from which its excellence will be sufficiently evident :

Of man'z 1^{ct}: dizobidYenc, and the frut
 Of that forbiddn tri, huz mortal tact
 Brot deth intu the wurld, & al our wo,
 With loc of Edn, till wun greater man
 Riçtor uz, & rigen the blicful cet,
 Cing hevnlly mYuz, that on the cekret
 top

Of Oreb, or of Ciny, didçt incpyr
 That shepurd, hu 1^{ct}: tat the chozn cid,
 In the begining, hou the hevns & urth
 Roz out of Kaoc: or if 'Zyon hil

Dilyt

Dilyt thi mor, & Ciloaz bruk, that flod
 Faet by the orkel of God ; I thenc
 Invok thy ed tu my advintrus cong,
 That with no midel flyt intenc to cor
 Abuv th' AonYan mount, whyl it purcuz
 Thingz unatimptid Yit in proz or rym.

Trul-

Trullia to Nigribarbo.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

THE ARGUMENT.

TRULLIA, daughter of Cuttus Pursius and Bunteria, having been committed to Newgate for theft, there first beheld Nigribarbo, a noted ballad-singer, pick-pocket and house-breaker, who was soon after confined in the same place, and upon a similar account. Of him she quickly became enamoured, and he of her; their trials having been delayed for want of some witnesses, after whom search was making, Trullia

lia began to discover marks of pregnancy. Her trial having at last come on, she was condemned to be transported to Jamaica, and was accordingly, in spite of her belly, sent on board a vessel destined for that island, and then lying at Deptford.— A few days after came on also the trial of Nigribarbo, when he, contrary to all expectation, was condemned to be hanged. The news of this melancholy event having reached the unfortunate Trullia, she immediately resolves to poison herself, and writes the following epistle; the whole of which shews the extreme manliness of woman.

FROM Deptford, where the ship at anchor
rides,

While Thames in tears to th' ocean slowly
glides,

Hll-fated *Trullia* greets her lover true,
And bids the world and him a last adieu.

Must then, ye powers! my *Nigribarbo* swing?
Whose songs seraphic made all Fleetstr^{et} ring;
Great gaping crowds his ballads still allur'd,
Whose purses quick were by his friends secur'd;
While

While with his voice each sense so fast was
lull'd,

That largest watches were with safety pull'd;
What cruel wretches must those judges be,

Who thee condemn'd to hang on Tyburn tree!

A youth like thee, on whose sweet smiling face

Ev'n hungry tygers might with pleasure gaze:

Could not those charms celestial pity move,

Which first in Newgate tun'd my soul to love?

Still, still I see thy beauteous bristly hair,

Thy shaggy eye-brows and terrific stare

From single squinting eye, the other close,

Thy lip divided, and thy flatten'd nose.

Are then our well laid schemes come all to
this?

And blasted thus our hopes of future bliss?—

Shall we not wasted be to th' Indian shore?

Where barb'rous Fielding we shall dread no
more.

Shall we not happy roam through Kingston's
streets,

Breathe her mild air, and safely thrive on
cheats?

Shall we not snug, in dark mahog'ny groves,

Conceal our booty, and renew our loves?

Then

Then arm in arm o'er sweet savannahs range,
Now flowers, now pockets picking, for a
change.

As yesterday down in the hold I sat,
Passing the time with gin and harmless chat,
Expecting still that you would soon appear,
And with your presence my sad spirits chear,
Lo! does *Scapehang*, thine aged friend, de-
scend,

Whom many heroes, many maids attend ;
Quick o'er them all my longing eyes I threw,
But nothing saw, for there I saw not you.

' Ah! say, *Scapehang*, where's then my love?

I cried ;

' My *Nigribarbo!* and thy friend well tried."

This said, I flew to catch him in my arms ;

'Twas then my soul was fill'd with sad alarms ;

For, sudden starting from my fond embrace,

His head he turned, that he might hide his face.

Thrice he to speak essay'd, but thrice in vain,

While sighs and groans well shew'd his inward
pain.

' Enough! I cried, would not I beg mine ear

' With what I know, but what I dread to
hear."

Now

Now furious grown, I seiz'd a mighty can,
 With gin replete, which I to drink began.
 The maidens shudd'ring at my fell intent,
 Like lightning forward sprung with one consent ;

And having thus the dreadful weapon gain'd
 They in a trice it to the bottom drain'd.

' In vain, my friends, I cried, that anxious care
 ' About a life which 'twould bedearth to spare:
 ' Thanks to my stars, I've yet one sixpence
 here,

' Than all Potofi's wealth to me more dear,
 ' As it shall soon the means of death supply
 ' To one whose only hope is now to die.'—
 Then turning to the boatswain who stood near,
 His sun-burnt cheeks bedew'd with many a
 tear :

' To you, my friend, this sixpence I commit,
 ' As none I know for such a trust so fit ;
 ' Begging that first when you to Greenwich go,
 ' You'll mind these orders, and your friendship
 shew.

' Fivpence *three* farthings you for gin will spend,
 ' For arsenic *one* ; now more than gin, my friend :
 ' Observe with care, I pray, this last demand.'
 I spoke, and sighing, squeez'd his large brown
 hand. Thy

Thy friend Scapehang, like some poor aged
 hound,
 His sense had lost, tho' he his tongue had found.
 For thus he op'ned with a trem'lous voice,
 While words like these were heard amidst the
 noise:

- ' Behold, stern maid, an old unhappy man,
- ' View his grey hairs, and pity, if you can,
- ' Of him the fate, who for each hair that's left
- ' Can count a friend of whom he is bereft;
- ' Bereft untimely, for in youth's full bloom
- ' Of these, alas! how many met their doom!
- ' Nor ends their mis'ry with their precious
 lives;
- ' Mangled are some by cursed surgeons' knives;
- ' Others our more accursed laws expose,
- ' The gaze of rustics, and the food of crows.
- ' Peace to their shades! All have been wept
 before,
- ' 'Tis *Nigribarbo* whom I now deplore.
- ' For them did tears in sad succession flow,
- ' The pomp of grief, and pageantry of woe;
- ' But as for him, my pupil and my friend,
- ' Tortures till now unknown my bosom rend.
- ' Dry are these eyes, but steep'd in blood this
 heart,
- ' Incessantly laments its better part.

His

‘ His doom unlook’d for, like the lightning’s
 blaze,
 ‘ Fill’d all my soul with horror and amaze :
 ‘ No bolt e’er hurl’d at my devoted head,
 ‘ Was either half so hot, or half so red.
 ‘ Lo! like some blasted trunk I stand alone,
 ‘ Whose leaves, whose branches, and whose
 bark are gone,
 ‘ Bleached and bare its forked form is seen,
 ‘ Whence issue nightly bats and birds unclean;
 ‘ Yet once I form’d the centre of the grove,
 ‘ Here tow’rd an ash, there spread the tree of
 Jove;
 ‘ Our lofty heads we proudly wav’d on high,
 ‘ And, waving, thought there was no danger
 nigh :
 ‘ Each did to each a mutual shelter yield,
 ‘ And brav’d the blast with an impervious
 shield:
 ‘ But soon my gay companions droop’d around,
 ‘ And hung their heads dejected to the ground:
 ‘ For daily now a savage monster came,
 ‘ No tears could melt him, nor no arts could
 tame :
 ‘ O’er their high heads a hempen noose he flung,
 ‘ Then cut them down, while loud the forest
 rung.

‘ Yet

- ‘ Yet some there were, who met a milder fate,
 ‘ And much this practice has prevail’d of late.
 ‘ These rooted up from this their native soil,
 ‘ Alive next lifted with much care and toil,
 ‘ O’er seas were sent to some far distant sphere,
 ‘ Again to flourish ’midst plantations there.
 ‘ One morn I wistful cast a look on high,
 ‘ No verdant leaves were there to chear mine
 eye;
 ‘ That eye next gloomy glanc’d along the
 ground,
 ‘ Where late were friends, now stumps, now
 holes were found.
 ‘ But ev’n to me, thus wretched, thus forlorn,
 ‘ One hope remains, a hope that’s yet unborn.
 ‘ Need I say more? the belly I behold,
 ‘ Whose secret cells with warmth that hope
 infold.
 ‘ Consider well the treasure it contains,
 ‘ Th’ undoubted fruit of Nigribarbo’s pains;
 ‘ For pains it must have cost, ’midst such a
 gloom,
 ‘ At such a time to fructify thy womb;—
 ‘ A whore to others, yet to him a wife
 ‘ You thenceforth led an exemplary life.
 ‘ For

- ‘ For in this spurious, this mad mixing age,
- ‘ When Court, when City burn with hottest
rage,
- ‘ That wife a wonder may be justly stil’d,
- ‘ Who certain knows the father of her child.
- ‘ O’er all the land the dire infection spreads
- ‘ Of horned heads, and violated beds.
- ‘ On heads why hats are now not fix’d but
plac’d,
- ‘ The reason is, most heads with horns are grac’d,
- ‘ Whose fretful points the beavers push on high,
- ‘ On them the soft small beavers lightly lie.
- ‘ Hence too those thickly-tow’ring tops of hair
- ‘ For horns must be conceal’d when heads are
bare :
- ‘ These modes no marks for infamy abide,
- ‘ For those adopt them who’ve no horns to
hide.
- ‘ What praises then, bright fair, to thee are due,
- ‘ Who in such times hast to thy mate been true?
- ‘ Had Gr-f- n, Gr-v---r, or had Li—n—r
- ‘ Like thee been chaste, then neither Pr—ce
nor Peer,
- ‘ Had them seduc’d to break their sacred vows,
- ‘ And basely stigmatize three noble brows,
- ‘ Nor

- “ Nor then had won their easy, faithless hearts,
- “ Hibernian prowess, nor Italian arts.
- “ Ah! tarnish not such complicated worth,
- “ Nor ’gainst thy precious life thine hand put forth ;
- “ For should’st thou crush great *Nigribarbo’s* breed,
- “ The world in tears would execrate the deed.
- “ Some frosty morn you must have mark’d,
I’m sure,
- “ What leafy freaks a window’s panes obscure,
- “ Here sprouts the Nightshade, there the Henbane dire:
- “ But as e’er noon by sun or chamber-fire,
- “ All are dissolv’d, and leave no trace behind;
- “ Ev’n so those gloomy thoughts which haunt thy mind,
- “ And from thy soul exclude th’ all-cheering day,
- “ Thro’ times emollient power may melt away,
- “ I now have done, tho’ much, alas! I fear,
- “ Thine aspect savage, and thy looks severe.”
- “ You’ve done, you say; hence then begone, I cried,
- “ For much, too much, has been my patience tried.

‘ Hence

- ‘ Hence with your trunks, your trees, your
birds, your bats,
- ‘ Your horned heads, your beavers, and your
hats;
- ‘ Why plague me now with such confounded
stuff?,

I said, and left him in a violent huff.—

Soon from the ship I saw the Boatswain * glide,
And soon return’d, he climbs her pitchy side.

H

Ev’n

* It may here be objected, that it is highly improbable that the Boatswain would give to her the arsenick, as he is represented to be no stranger to her intentions. But this in reality was very far from being the case. The fact was, *Nigribarbo* had, when *Trullia* took leave of him, presented her with the largest half of a very fine double *Gloucester* cheese, of which he well knew that she was extremely fond. But the first night that *Trullia* slept on board, the rats had made great havock in her cheese: she therefore desired the Boatswain to buy for her a little arsenick, pretending that she wanted to destroy the rats, which he accordingly very innocently did.—This story I had from the Boatswain himself. Our Author, however, I suppose, thinking that it was an incident of a nature rather improper for a poem of such dignity, entirely suppressed it, chusing rather to be guilty of an improbability than an impropriety. And in this he but follows the example of the greatest Poets, who, when the ground-work of a story is true, have never been blamed for embellishing, or even altering some of its circumstances. E.

Ev'n now the fatal drug I dauntless mix,
 But what is this within my belly kicks?
 Ah me! alas! our pledge of mutual love
 Smells my design, and tries my soul to move.
 Rest, rest, perturbed babe, nor longer spurn,
 Thy mother's womb must be thine early urn.
 Shall it be said great *Nigribarbo's* child,
 Bred in an hospital, lives patient mild?
 Shall it be said that I gave life to one
 Only to work, and to do harm to none?
 Not but I think, and will be bold to say,
 Tho' education many leads astray,
 Makes them, alas! spend abject virtuous lives,
 Forms sober husbands and industrious wives,
 That yet our blood its force would nobly spurn,
 And to be wicked with impatience burn.
 But in this point 'tis best no risque to run.
Here goes. 'Tis over now; the deed is done.
 What, yet another kick? Rest, rest, I say,
 For never shall thine eyes behold the day.
 Had cruel Fate but spar'd thy father's life,
 Then had I join'd him in the glorious strife;
 Who best could give thy tender soul to know
 What rogues and whores should practise here
 below.

Ah me! what raptures then had fill'd us both!
 To hear thine infant tongue first lisp an oath;
To

To see thee catching of our arts a spice,
 And mark thy mischief ripening into vice.
 But why indulge such thoughts? Illusions vain,
 And phantoms all of a distemper'd brain.
 Far other scenes now rise upon my view,
 No phantoms these, but all, alas! too true.
 Hark, hark! yet hark again! the jailor's key
 Creaks slowly harsh, chains drop; from whom?
 from thee.

Now, now, ev'n now, thy cart mounts Hol-
 bourn hill,

And crowds on crowds the road to Tyburn fill.
 Next comes great *Wilkes*, who thee attends
 in state,

Curfing, like thee, the hand that sign'd thy fate.
 Wet is his nose with tears, while in his mind
 New schemes arise, all of a gen'rous kind.
 How great the force of sympathetic laws!
 His own he makes th' unhappy felon's cause,
 Unshackled now, so he benign commands,
 The thief, the robber, and the murth'rer stands.
 No clank of chains in these reformed times
 Alarms spectators, and deters from crimes.
 Next he designs; ah! may the news prove true!
 Carts to condemn, as shocking to the view;

And

And coaches in their stead to recommend,
As more becoming far the noble end.

‘ Wretches, (he cries) thus wantonly t’ expose,
‘ Sure is of cruelty a double dose.

‘ Nature herself, as loud as she can bawl,
‘ In that sad hour, a Coach, a Coach, doth call.
‘ Deaf to that call, shall we produce a cart?
‘ The thought, believe me, wounds me to the
heart.

‘ Banish’d be then this mode, as most unfit.’
All Newgate hears him, and applauds his wit.
Patriot proceed, nor dread to want applause,
Of this secure by Nature’s steady laws,
As for one man of heart and judgment sound,
Ten knaves, ten fools will still, I trust, be
found.

Pardon my love, tho’ scarce needs much excuse
This short excursion of a grateful muse.
The subject of itself is a sufficient plea;
’Tis *W-lk-s*! what thief, what whore can
silent be?

I to both titles who have ample claim,
Could not but pay this tribute to his name.
Return I now to thee, my better part,
Whom late my fancy pictur’d in the cart.

More

More would I write, but ah! my fingers tire.
 Burst, burst, my veins, my blood runs liquid
 fire ;

My guts are roasted, broiling are my brains;
 Thou bugbear, Hell! not greater are thy pains.
 When at the *Tree*, 'tis all I now can say,
 May no persuasion bend thy knee to pray,
 No penitential drop disgrace thine eye,
 But nobly daring, curse thy God and die.—
 I faint, I sink ; open thy jaws, O Hell!
 Where, till I meet thee, once for all farewell.

More would I write, but ere my fingers stop
Hail, dear, my verse, my blood runs high
My pen is ready, brooding o'er my rhyme
Thou art my heart, I feel not greater joy
When at last I find I now am free
My no restriction binds the heart to pray
The penman's hand is free to write
In freedom's name, with joy and love
I thank thee, O my love, O love
When I am free, once for all free

AN EPIGRAM.

HAST thou to one held forth thy venal pen?
 Whom then you call'd the very best of men;
 That man hast thou with all thy pow'rs abus'd,
 Because thy venal pen that man refus'd.
 When chos'n to protect, hast thou betray'd
 Ev'n helpless orphans at thy mercy laid?
 Hast thou, unfeeling, robb'd their trusted box,
 To pay thy taylor, or get cur'd thy pox?
 Tho' numbers hang for far inferior crimes,
 Yet thus exclaims the *Genius* of the *times*,
 Want'st thou all this at once expung'd, forgot?
 Revile thy King, go be a *Patriot*.——

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E P I T A P H

O N

SIR WILLIAM PERSONNE,

IN CRANCOCK CHURCH.

TH^O' tall, yet short; tho' very fat, yet lean;
Brave tho' a coward; and tho' gen'rous,
mean.

All

The Author has often lamented to me, that people were very apt to misunderstand his conceits in this Epitaph; and that some had even hinted that it was of the burlesque kind, which gave him very great pain; as he had a very high regard for the worthy person in memory of whom it had been written. I therefore think it proper to give the Author's explanation of some expressions, the full force of which might not so readily occur to an ordinary reader. "*Though tall, yet short; though very fat, yet lean.*" Sir William was so remarkably well made, that it was impossible to say whether he was tall or short, fat or lean. What first gave

All he perform'd in dreary life's short span,
Which husband, uncle, nephew, cousin can ;
Soft, mild, sweet, gentle, lovely and serene,
Great was his exit from this mortal scene.

When

gave our Author this idea, was his having one night in *Crancock* coffee-house overheard two gentlemen disputing hotly upon these very points. One gentleman affirmed that Sir William was tall and lean, the other the contrary. The dispute at last came to such a pitch, as to end in a wager of a bowl of punch. "*Brave. 'tough a Coward.*" That is, brave with regard to his fellow creatures, but a coward with regard to his Creator. No man indeed ever feared man less, or God more, than did Sir William. "*And 'tough generous, 'mean.*" That is, generous as to others, but mean as to himself. But this will be best understood by an instance. About two years before his death, he happened one day, in his morning walk, to meet with a poor old man, who asked charity from him. Sir William observing that the poor man had very ragged breeches, or rather indeed no breeches at all, directly pulled off his own Genoa velvet black ones, and having given them to the beggar, walked very gravely home without any other covering than his shirt. The day was windy; and as he was obliged to pass through the whole length of the town before he could reach his own house, the good old gentleman had at his heels all the boys of *Crancock*, and also all the girls under fourteen years of age. Sir William always after complained of the sciatica. *E.*

When Death approach'd, with all his terrors
crown'd,

And shook, with sounding steps, the hollow
ground,

How dauntless was he in that dreadful hour!

Loud flaps the door; see, see the gloomy *Pow'r*;

The room he swallows at a single stride,

With chilling blast the curtains drives aside.

His arm he rears, its joints all crashing, jar,

Like rusty hinges creaking from afar.

Shaking his dart, he yells, *Prepare, prepare.*

The hero, smiling, lays his bosom bare,

With one poor hand, while he the other rais'd

To feel the jav'lin's point, which thus he prais'd:

"Thanks, gentle Death, there it no roughness
here;

"Sure 'tis not thine but *Ob'ron's* di'mond spear.

"But why that frown? Yes, yes, I own 'tis
thine;

"Time lent his scythe-stone, and you pointed
fine."

Recoils the fiend, rattling with rage his frame,

While from his eyeless sockets flash'd the flame.

"No jester I," he cried, and plung'd his dart

Up to the feather in the hero's heart.

Some

Some kindred spirits buzzing round the bed,
 Receiv'd his soul, and up the chimney fled.
 On sooty pinions borne, they wing their way
 Thro' fields ambrosial to eternal day.
 You that have read these lines, read on the rest,
 Thumping * with double fist your *pensive* breast.
 Stop not your tears, give groans a passage free,
 For here doth lie in bloom † of sixty-three
 A man admir'd by all, but most by those
 Who never ‡ saw him. Faded now that rose
 Which glow'd upon his cheek, perfum'd his
 breath.

Such, such, alas! the dreadful work of Death.
 This to lament this pious stone here stands,
 Rais'd by a grateful neice's § weeping hands.

THE

* For this beautiful idea our Author is certainly indebted to Mr. Pope's Epitaph on Gay. It must however be allowed, that he has given it greater force and energy. E.

† Sir William had a remarkable young look; and when past sixty, has often been taken for a man of forty. E.

‡ So gentle, so endearing were his manners, that people who knew him rather loved than admired him. E.

§ The Hon. Mrs. H—— of Sunny Lawn, Devonshire. E.

T H E
W H I T E S W E L L I N G S .

A T A L E .

TH E morn was fragrant, genial, mild ;
This morn was in the month of May,
When sprang from bed a lovely child,
Not sweeter was the morn, the month not
half so gay.

Reader, friend, art thou a critic ?
If so, thoul't stamp at that long line,
And cry, " What's here? an Alexandrine!"
But hark ye, Sir, a fiddlestick

Is

Is all I care for you, or such as you,
 A snarling and conceited crew.
 Mechanic poets I despise,
 Who first, like plumbers, take a mould,
 Then cast their lead all of a size,
 Warm, flowing in the workman's eyes ;
 To all beside 'tis heavy, cold.
 But, readers of the gentle kind,
 (And 'tis for such alone I scrawl)
 I take this time to tell you all,
 A better left I should not find,
 That while I'm telling this same tale,
 Whene'er it suits me I'll ne'er fail
 To use all sorts of lines, nay sometimes,
 Perhaps, you'll find them without rhimes ;
 But as these last look rather blank,
 I hope not oft to play this prank.
 Proceed we now, at our own ease,
 Our tale to tell, in hopes to please.
 Know then, this child was of that sex,
 Which man by turns doth please, doth vex :
 She too had thirteen summers seen ;
 Sure some are children past thirteen.
 Upon her bed, with bosom bare,
 She sits, and chaunts, and plaits her hair.

To

To lace her stays she next began ;
 But here, alas ! her chaunting ends ;
 The lace was short at least a span ;
 She screams aloud, she wrings her hands :
 The noise alarms her kind mamma,
 Who Sally finds in tears ;
 ‘ What ails my dear ? I’ll call pappa.’
 Pappa was a physician,
 None better in the nation.
 The learned parent quick appears ;
 ‘ What, what’s the matter, tell me straight ;
 ‘ I hear the chariot at the gate,
 ‘ And I two moments scarce can wait.’
 Then thus spoke Sall with sobs and sighs,
 With swell’n cheeks and bloodshot eyes ;
 ‘ Oft, oft, pappa, I’ve heard you say,
 ‘ That the white-swelling none could cure.’—
 ‘ What means the girl ? You’ve none, I’m
 sure.’——
 ‘ Look here then, dear pappa, look, pray ;
 ‘ I’ve got, I’ve got no less than two.’—
 This said, her stays she quick unlac’d,
 Her tucker next aside she drew ;
 Then to be sure, on each side plac’d
 Were, with each deadly symptom, found
 Two swellings, hard, white, smooth and
 round. At

At this our doctor laughs and leers ;
 The swellings next he stroaks and cries,
 ' Cease, cease, my Sall, those silly fears ;
 ' Of such white swellings none e'er dies.'
 The doctor still kept stroaking on,
 ' Faith, Sal, thou art a woman grown ;'
 ' Sir Donald, fy ! exclaims his mate,
 ' Squeeze not the girl at such a rate ;
 ' See how her colour comes and goes ;
 ' I swear you'll put things in her head.'
 Sudden Sir Donald, like one mad,
 Hauls out his wife, and puffs and blows :
 Sir Donald was not lean ;
 And I have told you now 'twas May,
 ' My dear, I've something got to say,
 ' We must be neither heard nor seen.'
 And now they're in another room,
 In which room was an old sofa.
 Sall, keen to hear what said pappa,
 Heard something like a weaver's loom.
 What said Sir Donald to his dear,
 I vow and swear I cannot tell ;
 Neither could Sall, altho' one ear
 Was plac'd for hearing passing well.
 The din grew faint, at last gave o'er ;
 She heard them coming to the door :

Away

Away she scuttles in a hurry,
 Sits down all panting in a flurry ;
 Yet, cunning jade, puts on a face,
 You'd swear she ne'er had left her place.
 First comes mamma, her cheeks all red ;
 Next comes pappa, his wig awry,
 He blows some powder off her head,
 While she adjusts his *tye*.
 ' Adieu, my dear ; good morrow, Sall ;'
 He chucks them both beneath the chin,
 And mutters, hobbling thro' the hall,
 ' The Lord be prais'd ! it was no sin.'

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BOSTON BAR
VOL. I
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
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THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON

T H E
TABLES TURNED.

A TALE.

IN Cornwall liv'd an honest squire,
 His yearly rent, one thousand pounds,
 Tho' past his prime, yet full of fire,
 And still delights in horses, hounds. —
 One son he had, but just sixteen,
 Whose downy chin began to sprout,
 A lusty blade, already seen
 At passing maids to look about.
 Still plump and rosy was his mother,
 Scarce could you meet with such another,
 Tho' rich, was yet a frugal dame,

To

To Truro ev'n had reach'd her fame.——
 The 'squire and she one night in bed,
 Themselves to sleep could not compose,
 Both much on fish had lately fed,
 From whence a warm dispute arose.
 His point full stiffly urg'd the 'squire,
 At first one inch she would not yield,
 But yet at last began to tire,
 And own'd him master of the field.
 Now stoutly crows the tough old cock,
 Triumphant claps his wings,
 With laughter loud, and noisy joke
 The lofty chamber rings.——
 The storm blown o'er, a calm succeeds,
 When thus the 'squire to chat began,
 "Faith, Kate, I think Tom grows a man,
 "He surely now improvement needs."——
 "That Tom's a man, (quick Kate replies,)
 "I've daily proofs before my eyes;
 "Step I by chance but to the dairy,
 "As sure's a gun, 'tis he and Mary;
 "Next in our chamber should I be,
 "Why there again 'tis Nan and he;
 "Say what I please, go where I will,
 "In short, I find him at it still:
 "I therefore think that youngster Tom
 "Should for a while be sent from home."
 "The

“ The nail, my dear, the squire replies,
 “ You’ve hit just plump upon the head;
 “ Soon in the morning, as I rise,
 “ I’ll write to Cambridge to friend Ned :
 “ Ned, you know, is there a fellow,
 “ Past forty now, grave, wise, sedate,
 “ For him at night no porters wait ;
 “ None ever saw him ev’n mellow ;
 “ To him then straight will I propose
 “ To travel with this rampant boy ;
 “ And with my terms I’m sure he’ll close,
 “ Nay even accept the post with joy.”—
 The squire judg’d right, for scarce a week
 Had thence elaps’d, when Ned appears ;
 Now trembles Tom, looks mild and meek.
 Laugh not at Tom, just were his fears,
 As you will own, when Ned you’ve seen ;—
 Broad was his face, of fallow hue,
 His beard was black, or rather blue,
 It reach’d quite up unto his eyes ;
 The eyes themselves, or grey or green,
 Peep’d thro’ a pair of shaggy brows,
 Which o’er them hung of monstrous size :
 Along his forehead, Time and Care,
 Seem’d both at once to drive their ploughs ;
 Such were the furrows one saw there.—

Some

Some days now spent in consultation,
 In wise and deep deliberation,
 Agreed it was upon all hands,
 That Tom as yet to foreign lands
 Should not be sent, but first that he
 Should England, Wales, and Scotland see.—
 His parents now poor Tom displayed,
 Related all the pranks he played;
 Next Ned with strong injunctions load
 To watch Tom's motions on the road.
 Sometimes their tale made both to smile,
 Yet Ned kept frowning all the while.
 "Poor wretch! he cries, thus early to begin
 "To plunge himself in lewdness and in sin."--
 Pass we the lectures often read
 In accents slow by solemn Ned;
 In which he us'd poor Tom to tell,
 That with saltpetre stuff'd, his soul
 Would be for ever laid in Hell,
 Upon a red-hot burning coal.——
 Our trav'lers now, let us suppose,
 At York arriv'd, at the Black Swan.
 The day was drawing to a close;
 Ned quickly to the kitchen ran,
 "Here, cook, what can we get to eat?——
 "A carp well stew'd, an't please your honour;
 "A pullet

" A pullet nice, 'tis on the spit,
 " An egg I'll just but drop upon her."——
 " Do so, my lad; but pray make haste."——
 Licking his lips, the Tutor cries,
 " For nought at dinner did we taste
 " But turnip-mutton spoil'd with flies."——
 Tom meanwhile had followed Molly,
 Just at the rooms to take a peep.——
 Tom still did so; nor is it folly
 That trav'lers look where they're to sleep.
 He nimbly mounts the steps by pairs,
 As Moll before him tripp'd up stairs;
 His eye fix'd on a certain thing,
 An object much that pleas'd his taste;
 'Twas white and broad, an apron string,
 Which neatly circled Molly's waste,
 Just where the tempting jut begins,
 Which Tom's affection deeply wins.——
 The blood its way had somehow found
 Into Moll's cheeks, as she did tell:
 " See, Sir, your bed." Tom turning round,
 Cries, archly smiling, " Nobly well;
 " I vow, my dear, this bed will do,
 " Shar'd with an angel such as you.
 " Come, come, my dear, few words are best,
 " Promise when all are gone to rest."——

This

This point agreed, Tom, with a kiss,
 The bargain seals of future blifs.—
 Supper just o'er, Tom rubs his head,
 Complains it aches, and slips to bed.—
 “ 'Tis scarce a pint, and we pay for't.”
 So reason'd Ned, and clear'd the port.
 Then mounts up stairs with solemn pace ;
 Supper had somewhat thaw'd his face.
 Moll trips before him with a light,
 And pan of coals all beaming bright.
 “ Here, here, your Honour, come this way.”
 “ Why run so fast ? Girl, softly, pray.”——
 The chamber now at last they reach,
 Where turning to the fire his breech,
 The tutor deeply musing stands,
 Behind him dangling both his hands.—
 Well Edward knew the mathematicks,
 Had lectur'd oft on globes and staticks,
 But ne'er before had he survey'd
 A globe like that which Moll displayed,
 As stooping down, her back to Ned,
 With movements quick she warm'd his bed.
 The globe to Ned celestial seems,
 As far as he can see ;
 Were but its coverings off, he deems
 'Twould more celestial be.—

Two lesser globes had Moll besides,
 Which bounded so, that people skill'd
 Who saw them, said that their insides
 Were surely with quicksilver fill'd.
 O'er such conceits let sages brood,
 The cause was simply youthful blood;
 A warmer fluid, and as subtle,
 Still skipping like a weaver's shuttle.
 " Shall I come for your Honour's candle?"
 Moll saying this, describe I must:
 Her neckerchief had catch'd the handle
 Of the pan, by perfect chance I trust.
 This op'ning then disclos'd a sight
 Which Edward's whole attention drew,
 Disclos'd the globes of marble bright,
 Of marble gently vein'd with blue.—
 Tho' Molly's cheeks ne'er want a glow,
 Yet there fresh roses seem to blow;
 For warming of his Honour's bed
 Had ting'd them with a deeper red.
 Scarce knew poor Edward where he was,
 Now stands all trembling pale,
 Now like a tiger makes a spring,
 And fixes deep his teeth and claws.
 Moll finds resistance nought avail,
 It makes the monster faster eling.

Moll,

Moll, you've seen, was tempting food,
 Guess then the meal this monster made,
 Who ne'er had tasted flesh and blood,
 At least in Cambridge so 'twas said.
 Tho' Moll at first did scream, did scratch,
 Yet monsters tam'd give such delight,
 Their tricks so much the fancy catch,
 That Moll with monster spends the night.
 Tho' faithless Moll poor Tom forsook,
 Let us not therefore do the same,
 But towards Tom let's cast a look,
 For sure his case doth pity claim.—
 Horace was once in the same pickle;
 How he behav'd, what him befell,
 In him go read, for we won't tell.
 No ears we wound, we only tickle:
 (Those wits of the Augustan age
 Did sometimes strangely stain their page.)
 Suffice it then of Tom to say,
 That all night o'er he sleepless lay;
 But out of bed most nimbly leap'd
 Soon thro' the chinks as morning peep'd.
 To Edward's chamber now he hies,
 To boast how early he could rise;
 For much Ned teiz'd him on this score—
 The fools had not secur'd their door.

Tom

Tom enters, and on tiptoe gropes
 For window-shutters, which he opes.
 The bed he finds just standing by,
 Whose curtains next wide open fly.—
 Reader, hast thou imagination?
 Nay, come, be candid, never frown;
 For if thou hast, my tale read on;
 If thou hast not, pray lay it down.—
 “Am I awake?” Tom, starting, cries,
 And looks, and looks, and rubs his eyes.—
 Fast in each other’s arms they lay,
 And both as fast in those of Sleep;
 Which that it was both sweet and deep,
 Molly’s warm cheek did dimpling say.
 Upon the monster’s black, rough breast,
 This downy cheek did snugly rest,
 From whence the cheek fresh lustre stole;
 ’Twas like a peach upon a coal.—
 Ned wakes at last, and lifts his eyes,
 Lifts them on Tom. But justly now
 This scene to draw my pen defies,
 Saw’st thou my pen, thou’dst this allow,
 ’Tis short and black, and widely gapes,
 Gives *Roman* letters *Hebrew* shapes.
 Mine ink too clotted is and thick,
 In which this wretched stump I stick.

Accoutred

Accoutred thus, canst thou expect
 That I th' expressions can depict
 Various and strong as they arise
 In Tom's, and Moll's, and Edward's eyes!
 Far diff'rent things we need, such as
 Pencils, pallet, and a canvass.
 With these a hand we need beside,
 Which Nature and which Fancy guide.—
 No more now therefore will I say,
 Than that thenceforward from that day,
 The Tables were completely turn'd;
 Tom govern'd left his home, but Governor
 return'd.

T H E E N D.



